II.

With thee, O let my thoughts conceive,
For all the very beſt believe;
Predict, pronounce for all the beſt,
And be by bearing all things bleſt.

III.

To ſuffer long, and ſtill be kind
In holy temperance of mind,
Rejoice that truth is on my ſide,
As free from envy as from pride.

IV.

Both tongues and prophecies ſhall ceaſe,
And painful knowledge cede to peace;
And time and death o'er all prevail,
But Charity ſhall never fail.

V.

Then guide, O Chriſt, this little hand,
To deal thy bounties round the land;
To clothe and feed the hungry poor,
And to the ſtranger ope my door.

VI.

My cup of water, Chriſt, is free,
For all that love and thirſt for thee;
With wiſdom many a ſoul to win,
And looſe the irkſome bonds of ſin.

VII.

Make me, O Chriſt, tho' yet a child,
To virtue zealous, errors mild,
Profeſs the feelings of a man,
And be the Lord's Samaritan.